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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 81.]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Mucedorus

1598

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Mucedorus

Date of Earliest Known Edition 1598

[*B.M. Press-mark*, C. 34, *b.* 34]

Other Editions issued in 1606 (?), 1610, 1613, 1615, 1619, 1629, 1634, 1639, 1668

Reproduced in Facsimile 1910

[To Subscribers.—This postscript refers to the facsimile reprint of "King Edward III.," and should be inserted in that volume.—J. S. F.]

Second thoughts have induced me to give, as an extra slip for insertion in the facsimile of "King Edward III.," the following letter from Mr. Herbert, which I deliberately excluded from my introduction to that volume on account of its "hypercritical" praise of the fidelity with which that facsimile was reproduced. As, however, I religiously quote every point against the photographer and printer, it has seemed, on second thoughts, only right I should give all per contra.

"*Dear Mr. Farmer,*

"*The facsimiles of* King Edward *are most excellent. The only "criticism I have to offer, in fact, seems hypercritical. It is this: the original "is comparatively faintly printed, on yellowish paper; and so is distinctly less "easy to read than the firm black printing of the facsimile on a greyish ground. "Otherwise the original is reproduced with perfect fidelity.*

"*Yours truly,*

"*J. A. HERBERT.*"

"*British Museum,*

"*14th March, 1910.*"

Mucedorus

1598

This facsimile is a reproduction from the unique original copy of the earliest known edition of "Mucedorus," now in the British Museum (Press-mark, C. 34, b. 34). It formed part of the rare collection of Old English Drama bequeathed to the nation by Garrick, and at that time was included in a volume containing two other items—"Fair Em" and "The Merry Devil of Edmonton"—the three plays having been labelled by the royal binder to Charles II., to whom the volume originally belonged, "Shakespeare, Vol. I."

Round this ascription has centred much discussion and criticism, but to little definite result.

"Mucedorus" is not entered on the Stationers' Books. Possibly it was licensed independently by the Master of the Revels. It was frequently reprinted, having run to no less than ten editions in seventy years—a sure test of its popularity.

Mr. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, comparing this facsimile with the original, says the reproduction is "very well done"; some, indeed nearly all, pages being earmarked as "excellent facsimiles." Mr. Herbert, however, notes a few instances of a tendency to "print too heavily." This is a technicality which is now receiving full expert attention, and I hope in the next issue—"King Leir"—to revert to the matter.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A

Most pleasant Comedie of *Mucedorus* the kings sonne of *Valentia* and *Amadine* the Kings daughter of *Arragon*, with the merie conceites of *Mouse*.

Newly set foorth, as it hath bin *sundrie times plaide in the honorable Cittie of London.*

Very delectable and full of mirth.

LONDON
Printed for *William Iones*, dwelling at Holborne conduit, at the signe of the Gunne.
1598.

Eight persons may easily play it.

The King and Rombelo. } { for one.

Mucedorus the prince of Valensia. } { for one.

Amadine the Kinges daughter of Arragon. } { for one.

Segasto a Noble man. } { for one.

Enuie: Tremelio a Captaine, Bremo a wilde man. } { for one.

Comedy, a boy, an ould woman, Ariena Amadines maide. } { for one.

Collen a Counseller, A messenger. } { for one.

Mouse the Clowne. } { for one.

A moſt pleaſant Comedie of *Mucedorus* the Kings ſonne of Valentia, and *Amadine*, the kings daughter of Arragon.

Enter Comedie ioyfull with a garland of hayes on her head.

WHy ſo? thus doe I hope to pleaſe:
Muſicke reuiues, and mirth is tollerable.
Comedie play thy part, and pleaſe,
Mak merry them that coms to ioy with thee:
Ioy then good gentilles, I hope to make you laugh,
Sound foorth *Bellonas* ſiluer tuned ſtrings.
Time fits vs well, the daie and place is ours.

Enter Enuie, his armes naked beſmeard with bloud

En. Nay ſtaie minion, there lies a block.
What al on mirth; Ile interrupt your tale.
And mixe your muſicke with a tragick end.

Co. What monſtrous vgly hagge is this,
That dares comtrowle the pleaſures of our will?
Vaunt churliſh curre, beſmeard with gorie bloud,
That ſeemſt to check the bloſſoms of delight,
And ſtifle the ſound of ſweete *Bellonas* breath,

Bluſh, monſter bluſh, and poſt away with ſhame,
That ſeekeſt diſturbance of a goddeſſe deedes.
En. Poſt hence thy ſelfe, thou counterchecking trul,
I will poſſeſſe this habite ſpite of thee
And gaine the glorie of thy wiſhed porte,
Ile thunder muſicke ſhall appale the nimphes,
And make them ſheuer their clattering ſtrings:
Flying for ſuccour to their danes caues.

Sound drumes within and crie ſtab ſtab.

Hearken, thou ſhalt hear a noiſe
Shall fill the aire with a ſhrilling ſound,
And thunder muſicke to the gods aboue:
Mars ſhall himſelfe breathe downe
A peereleſſe crowne vpon braue enuies head,
And raiſe his chiuall with a laſting fame
In this braue muſicke *Enuie* takes delight,
Where I may ſee them wallow in there blood,
To ſpurne at armes and legges quite ſhiuered off,
And heare the cries of many thouſand ſlaine,
How likſt thou this my trull, this ſport alone for mee?
Co. Vaunt bloodie curre, nurſt vp with tygers ſapp,
That ſo doſt ſeeke to quaile a womans minde,
Comedie is mild, gentle, willing for to pleaſe,
And ſeekes to gaine the loue of all eſtates:
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with louely tales,
And bringeth things with treble ioy to paſſe,
Thou bloodie, Enuious, diſdainer of mens ioye,
Whoſe name is fraught with bloodie ſtratagemes,
Delights in nothing but in ſpoyle and death,
Where thou maiſt trample in their luke warme blood,
And graſpe their hearts within thy curſed pawes:

Yet

Yet vaile thy mind, reuenge thou not on mee,
A silly woman begs it at thy hands,
Giue me the leaue to vtter out my play,
Forbeare this place, I humblie craue thee hence,
And mixe not death amongst pleasing comedies,
That treats naught els but pleasure and delight.
If any sparke of humaine rests in thee,
Forbeare, be gon, tender the suite of mee.
En. Why so I wil, forbearance shall be such
As treble death shall crosse thee with despight,
And make thee mourne where most thou ioiest,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole:
Whirling thy pleasures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methodes in a sea of bloud:
This will I doe, thus shall I beare with thee
And more to vex thee with a deeper spite,
I will with threates of bloud begin thy play:
Fauoring thee with enuie and with hate.
Co. Then vglie monster doe thy woorst,
I will defend them in despite of thee
And thought thou thinkst with tragick fumes
To braue my play into my deepe disgrace:
I force it not; I for thee what thou canst doe
Ile grace it so, thy selfe shall it confesse:
From tragick stuffe to be a pleasant comedie.
En. Why then *Comedie* send thy actors forth
And I will crosse the first steps of their tread:
Making them feare the verie dart of death.
Co. And Ile defend them mangre all thy spite
So vgly fiend, farewell, tell time shall serue,
That we may meete to parle for the best.
En. Content *Comedie*, ile goe spread my branch,
And scattered blossomes from mine enuious tree.

Shall

Exit. Shall proue to monſters, ſpoiling of their ioyes.

Enter Segaſto runing and Amadine after him, being perſued with a beare

Se. Oh fly Madam, fly or els weart but dead.
Ama. Help *Segaſto* help, help ſwet *Segaſto* or ele I die.

Segaſto runnes away.

Alas madam, there is no way but flight,
Then haſt and ſaue your ſelfe.
Ama. Why then I die, ah helpe me in diſtreſſe,

Enter Mucedorus like a ſhepheard with a ſworde drawne and a beares head in his hande.

Mu. Stay Lady ſtay, and be no more diſmaide,
That cruell beaſt moſt merceleſſe and fell,
Which haue bereaued thouſands of their liues,
Affrighted many with his hard purſues,
Prying from place to place to find his praie,
Prolonging thus his life by others death;
His carcaſſe now lies headleſſe void of breth.
Ama. That fowle deformed monſter is he dead?
Mu. Aſſure your ſelfe thereof, behould his head:
Which if it pleaſe you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your maieſtie.
Ama. Thankes worthy ſhepheard, thanks a thouſand times
This gift aſſure thy ſelfe contents me more,
Then greateſt bountie of a mighty prince:
Although he were the monarch of the world.

Mu.

Mu. Moſt gracious goddeſſe, more then mortal wight,
Your heauenly hewe of right imports no leſſe,
Moſt glad am I in that it was my chance,
To vndertake this enterpriſe in hand.
Which doth ſo greatly glad your princely minde.
Ama. No goddeſſe ſhepheard, but a mortall wight
A mortall wight deſtreſſed as thou ſeeſt:
My father heere is king of Arragon.
I *Amadine* his only daughter am:
And after him ſole heire vnto the crowne.
Now where as it is my fathers will,
To mary me vnto *Segaſto*,
On whoſe welth through fathers former vſury
Is knowen to be no leſſe then woonderfull,
We both of cuſtome oftentimes did vſe,
Leauing the court to walke within the fieldes,
For recreation eſecially the ſpring,
In that it yelds greate ſtore of rare delights:
And paſſing further then our wonted walkes,
Scarſe were entred within theſe luckleſſe woods,
But right before vs downe a ſteepe fall hil
A monſtrous vgly beare did hie him faſt,
To meete vs both, I faint to tell the reſt,
Good ſhepherd, but ſuppoſe the gaſtly lookes,
The hiddious feares, the thouſant hunderd woes,
Which at this inſtant *Amadine* ſuſteind.
Mu. Yet worthy princes let thy ſorrow ceaſe,
And let this fight your former loyes reuiue.
Ama. Beleeue me ſhepheard ſo it doth no leſſe.
Mu. Long may they laſt vnto your hearts content.
But tell me Ladie what is become of him,
Segaſto calld, what is become of him?
Ama. I knowe not I, that knowe the powers diuine,

But God graunt this that sweet *Segasto* liue.

Mu. Yet heard harted he in such a case,
So cowardly to saue himselfe by flight?
And leaue so braue a princesse to the spoyle.

Ama. Well shepheard for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy selfe to set me free:
Vnrecompensed sure thou shalt not be.
In court thy courage shalbe plainely knowne:
Throughout the Kingdome will I spread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne.
Beare thou the head of this most monstrous beast
In open sight to euerie courtiers viewe
So will the king my father thee reward.
Come lets away, and guard me to the court.

Mu. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Segasto solus.

Se. When heapes of harmes do houer ouer head,
Tis time as then, some say to looke about,
And so ensuing harmes to choose the least:
But hard, yea hapelesse is that wretchelesse chaunce,
Luckelesse his lot and caytiffe like a course,
At whose proceedings fortune euer frownes,
My selfe I meane most subiect vnto thrall,
For I the more I seeke to shun the worst:
The more by proofe I find my selfe accurst:
Ere whiles assaulted with an vgly beare,
Fayre *Amadine* in company all alone,
Forthwith by flight I thought to saue my selfe,
Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her shiftes:
For deare it was, for to resist the beare,

And death no leſſe of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accurſed I in lingring life thus long,
In leeuing thus each minute of an hower
Doth pierce my hart with dartes of thouſand deathes:
If ſhe by flight her fury doe eſcape,
What will ſhe thinke;
Will ſhe not ſay; yea flatly to my face,
Accuſing me of meere diſloyaltie,
A truſtie friend is tride time of neede:
But I when ſhe in danger was of death
And needed me, and cried *Segaſio* helpe:
I turned my backe and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath:
But what, what needes theſe plaintes
If *Amadine* do liue then happie I,
Shee will in time forgiue and ſo forget,
Amadine is merciſull, not *Iuno* like.
In harmful hart to harbor hatred long.

Enter Mouſe the Clowne running crying clubs.

Mouſe. Clubs, prongs, pitchforks, billes, O helpe,
a beare, a beare, a beare.
Se. Still beares, and nothing elſe but beares.
Tell me ſirra wher ſhe is;
Clo. O ſir, ſhe is runne downe the woods:
Iſee her wite head and her white belly.
Se. Thou talkeſt of wonders, to tell me of white bears.
But ſirra didſt thou euer ſee any ſuch;
Clo. No faith I neuer ſawe any ſuch,
But I remember my fathers woordes, (beare
Hee bad mee take heede I was not caught with a white
Se. A lamentable tale no dout.

Clo. I tell you what ſir as I was going a fielde to ſerue my fathers greate horſe, & caried a bottly of hay vpon my head, now doe you ſee ſir, I faſt hudwincke, that I could ſee nothing, perceiuing the beare comming, I threw my hay into the hedge and ran away.

Se. What from nothing;

Clo. I warrant you yes, I ſaw ſomething, for there was tow loade of thornes beſides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Se. But tell me ſirra, the beare that thou didſt ſee, Did ſhe not beare a bucket on her arme;

Clo. Ha ha, ha, I neuer ſaw beare goe a milking in all my life.

But hark you ſir, I did not looke ſo hie as her arme: I ſaw nothing but her whit head, and her whit belly.

Se. But tell me ſirra, where dooſt thou dwell;

Clo. Why, doe you not knowe mee?

Se. Why no, how ſhould I know thee.

Clo. Why then you know no bodie, and you knowe not mee? I tell you ſir I am the goodman ratſon of the next pariſh ouer the hill.

Se. Goodman ratſon why whats thy name,

Clo. why I am very neere kin vnto him.

Se. I thinke ſo, but whats thy name?

Clo. My name, I haue very pretie name Ile tel you what my name is: my name is *Mouſe*,

Se. vvhat plaine *Mouſe*.

Clo. I, plaine mouſe with out either welt or garde. But doe you heare ſir I am but a very young mouſe, For my taile is ſcarce growne out yet; looke you here els.

Se. But I pray thee, who gaue thee that name?

Clo. Fayth ſir I know not that, but if you would faine

know

know, aske my fathers greate horſe, for he hath bin halfe a yeare longer with my father then I haue.

Se. This ſeemes to be a merrie fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me,
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde,
A merrie man, a merrie maſter makes.
How ſaiſt thou ſirra, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clo. Nay ſoft ſir, tow words to a bargaine, praie you what occupation are you?

Se. No occupation, I liue vpon my landes.

Clo. Your lands, a way, you are no maiſter for me, why doe you thinke that I am ſo mad, to go ſeke my liuing in the lands amongſt the ſtones, briars, and buſhes, and teare my holy day apparell, not I by your leaue.

Se. Why, I do not meane thou ſhalt.

Clo. How then?

Se. Why thou ſhalt be my man, and waite vpon me at the court.

Clo. Whats that?

Se. Where the King lies.

Clo. Whats that ſame King a man or woman?

Se. A man as thou arte.

Clo. As I am, hatke you ſir pray you what kin is he to good man king of our pariſh the church warden?

Se. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole land.

Clo. king of the land, I neuer ſee him.

Se. If thou wilt dwel with me, thou ſhallt ſee him euerie day.

Clo. ſhal I go home againe to be torne in peces with beares, no not I, I wil go home & put on a cleane ſhirt, and then goe drowne my ſelfe.

Se. Thou ſhallt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me, thou ſhalt want nothing.

Clo. Shal I not? then heares my hand, ile dwel with you,
And harke you sir, now you haue entertained me, I wil
tell you what I can doe, I can keepe my tongue from
picking and stealing, and my handes from lying and
slaundering, I warrant you, as wel as euer you had man.
in all your life.

Sc. Now will I to court with sorrowfull hart, rownded with doubts, if *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I: yea
happie I if *Amadine* doe liue. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a young prince prisoner,
Amadine with Collen and counsellers.

King Now braue Lords, our wars are brought to end,
Our foes the foile and we in safetie rest,
It vs behoues to vse such clemencie in peace
As valour in the warre.
It is as great honor to be bountifull at home,
As to be conquerers in the field.
Therefore my Lords the more to my content,
Your liking, and your countries safegarde,
We are disposde in marriage for to giue
Our daughter to Lord *Segasto* heare,
Who shall succeede the diadem after me:
And raigue heereafter as I tofore haue done
Your sole and lawfull King of Arragon:
What say you Lordings, like you of my aduise?

Col. And please your Maiesty, we doe not onely allowe of your highnesse pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what we may to further it.

King. Thankes good my Lords, if long *Adrastus* liue
Hee will at full requite your curtesies.
Tremelio in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take vnto thee the Catalone aprince,
Latelie our prisoner taken in the warres
Be thou his keeper, his ransome shall be thine,
Weele thinke of it when leasure shall afforde:
Meane while doe vse him well, his father is a King.
Tre. Thankes to your Maiestie, his vsage shalbe such,
As he therat shall thinke no cause to grutce.
Exeunt.

King Then march we on to court, and rest our weari-
ed limmes
But *Collen*, I haue a tale in secret kept for thee:
When thou shalt heare a watch woord from thy king,
Thinke then some waightie matter is at hand
That highlie shall concerne our state,
Then *Collen* looke thou be not farre from me:
And for thy seruice thou to fore hast done,
Thy trueth and valour proude in euerie point,
I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore:
So guard vs to the courte.
Col. What so my soueraigne doth commaund me doe,
With willing mind I gladly yeeld consent *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto and the Clowne, with weapons about him

Se. Tel me sirra, how doe you like your weapons;
Clo. O verie wel, verie wel, they keep my sides warme.
Se. They keepe the dogs form your shins very well
doe they not;
Clo. How, keep the dogs from my shins, I would
scorne but my shins should keep the dogs from them.
Se. Well sirra, leauing idle talke, tell me:
Dost thou know captaine *Tremelioes* chamber;
Clo. I verie well, it hath a doore
Se. I thinke so, for so hath euery chamber.
But dost thou know the man.

Clo. I forſooth he hath a noſe on his face.

Se. Why ſo hath euery on.

Clo. Thats more then I know.

Se. But doeſt thou remember the captaine, that was heere with the king euen now, that brought the yong prince priſoner?

Clo. O verie well.

Se. Go vnto him and bid him come to me,
Tell him I haue a matter in ſecret to impart to him,

Clo. I wil maſter, maſter whats his name?

Se. Why captaine *Tremelio.*

Clo. O the meale man, I knowe him verie well,
He brings meale euery ſatturday: but harke you maſter muſt I bid him come to you or muſt you come to him

Se. No ſir, he muſt come to me.

Clo. Harke you maſter, how if he be not at home.
What ſhall I doe then?

Se. Why then leauſt worde with ſome of his folkes.

Clo. Oh maiſter, if there be no bodie within,
I will leaue word with his dog.

Se. Why can his dog ſpeake,

Clo. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keep his chamber els.

Se. To keepe out ſuch knaues as thou art.

Clo. Nay be ladie then go your ſelfe.

Se. You will go ſir, wil ye not.

Clo. Yes marrie will I, O tis come to my head,
And a be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you.

Se. What wilt thou plucke down the Kings houſe?

Clo. Nay be ladie ile knowe the price of it firſt.
Maſter it is ſuch a hard name, I haue forgotten it againe I praie you tell me his name,

Se. I tell thee captaine *Tremelio.*

Clo. Oh captaine treble knaue, captaine treble knaue

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now ſirra, dooſt thou call mee?

Clo. You muſt come to my maiſter captain treble knaue

Tre. My Lord *Segaſto*. did you ſend for mee.

Se. I did *Tremelio*, ſirra about your buſineſſe.

Clo. I marry, whats that can you tell?

Se. No not well.

Clo. Marrie then I can, ſtraight to the kitchen dreſſer, to Iohn the cooke, and get me a good peece of beefe and brewis, and then to the buttery hatch to Thomas the butler, fot a iacke of beare, and there for an houre ile ſo be labour my ſelfe, therefore I pray you cal me not till you thinke I haue done, I pray you good mayſter.

Se. Well ſir away.

Tremelio this it is, thou knoweſt the valour of *Segaſto*
Spred through all the kingdome of Arragon,
And ſuch as hath found triumph and fauours,
Neuer daunted at any tyme, but now a ſhepherd,
Admired at in court for worthyneſſe.
And *Segaſtoes* honour layd a ſide.
My wil therefore is this, that thou doſt find ſom meanes to worke the ſhepheardes death, I know thy ſtreng h ſufficient to performe my deſire, & thy loue no other wiſe then to reuenge my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a ſhepheard that *Tremelio* feares.
Therefore account it accompliſhed, what I take in hand
Se. Thankes good *Tremelio*, and aſſure thy ſelfe,
What I promiſe that will I performe.

Tre. Thankes my good Lord, and in good time
See where he commeth, ſtand by a while.
And you ſhall ſee me put in practiſe your intented drifts.

Haue at thee ſwaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Mu. Vild coward, ſo without cauſe to ſtrike a man.
Turne coward turne, now ſtrike and doe thy worſt.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Se. Hould ſhepheard hould, ſpare him, kill him not,
ccurſed villaine, tell me what haſt thou done.
Ah *Tremelio*, truſtie *Tremelio*, I ſorrow for thy death,
And ſince that thou liuing, didſt prooue faithfull to
Segaſto, ſo *Segaſto* now liuing ſhall honoure the dead
corpes of *Tremlio* with reuenge.
Bloud thriſty villaine, borne and bredde to mercileſſe
murther,
Tell me how durſt thou be ſo bold.
As once to lay thy hands vpon the leaſt of mine.
Aſſure thy ſelfe, thou ſhalt be vſd according to the law.
Mu. Segaſto ceaſe, theſe threats are needleſſe
Accuſe not me of murther, that haue done nothing
but in mine owne defence.
Se. Nay ſhepheard reaſon not with me.
Ile manifeſt thy fact vnto the King:
Whoſe doome will be thy death as thou deſeruſt,
What hoe, Mouſe come away.
Clo. Why how now, what's the matter.
I thought you would be calling before I had done.
Se. Come helpe away with my friend,
Clo. Why is he drunke, cannot he ſtand on his feet.
Se. No, he is not drunke, he is ſlaine.

Clo.

Clo. Flaine, no by Ladie he is not flaine.

Se. Hees kild I tell thee.

Clo. What, doe you vſe to kil your friends. I will ſerue you no longer.

Se. I tell thee the ſhepheard kild him.

Clo. O did a ſo, but maſter, I will haue al his apparel if I carry him away.

Se. Why ſo thou ſhalt.

Clo. Come then I will healpe, mas maſter I thinke his mother ſong looby to him he is ſo heauie.

Exeunt.

Mu. behold the fickle ſtate of man, alwaies mutable, neuer at one.
Somtimes we feed on fancies with the ſweete of our deſires.
Somtimes againe vve feele the heat of extreame miſerie.
Novv am I infauour about the court and countrie.
To morrovv thoſe fauours vvill turne to frovvnes,
To daie I liue reuenged on my foe,
To morrovv I die, my foe reuenged on me,

Exeunt.

Enter Bremo a wild man.

Bre. No paſſengers this morning, vvhat not one.
A chance that ſeldome doth befall.
What not one, then lie thou there,
And reſt thyſelfe til I haue further neede:
Novv Bremo ſith thy leaſure ſo affords.
An endleſſe thing, vvho knovves not Bremoes ſtrength
Who like a king commander vvithin theſe vvoods,
The beare, the boare, dares not abide my ſight,

But haſtes away to ſaue themſelues by flight:
The chriſtall waters in the bubbling brookes,
When I come by doth ſwiftly ſlide away,
And claps themſelues in cloſets vnder bankes,
Afraide to looke bold *Bremo* in the face:
The aged okes at *Bremoes* breath doe bowe,
And all things els are ſtill at my commaund,
Els What would I?
Rent them in peeces and plucke them from the earth,
And each waie els I would reuenge my ſelfe,
Why who comes heere with whom I dare not fight,
Who fights with me & doth not die the death, not on:
What fauour ſhewes this ſturdie ſticke to thoſe,
That heere within theſe woods are combataines with me?
Why death and nothing elſe but preſent death,
With reſtleſſe rage I wander through theſe woods,
No creature heere but feeleth *Bremoes* force,
Man, woman, child, beaſt and bird,
And euery thing that doth approch my ſight,
Are forſt to fall if *Bremo* once but frowne,
Come cudgel come, my partner in my ſpoiles,
For heere I ſee this daie it will not be,
But when it falles that I encounter anie,
One pat ſuffiſed for to worke my wil.
What comes not one? then lets begon,
A time vvill ſerue vvhen vve ſhall better ſpeed.

Exit.

Enter the King, Segaſto, the Shepheard and the Clowne with others.

King. Shepheard, thou ha ſt heard thine accuſers,
Murther is laid to thy charge,

What

What canst thou say, thou hast deserued death,
Mu. Dread soueraigne, I must needes confesse,
I slewe this captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice but by chance,
But mine accuser hath a further meaning.
Se. woords will not heere preuaile,
I seek for iustice, & iustice craues his death.
King. *Shepheard* thine owne confession hath condemned thee.
Sirra take him away, & doe him to execution straight.
Clo. So hee shall I warrant him, but doe you heare maister King, he is kin to a monkie, his necke is bigger then is head.
Se. Com sirra away with him, and hang him about the middle.
Clo. Yes forsooth I warrant you, come on sir, a so like a sheepe biter a lookes.

Enter Amadine and a boie with a beares head

Ama. Dread soueraigne and welbe loued sire.
On bended kees I craue the life of this condemned shepheard, which heertofore preserued the life of thy sometime distressed daughter.
K. preserued the life of my somtime distressed daughter
How can that be, I neuer knew the time
Wherein thou wast distrest, I neuer knew the daie
But that I haue maintained thy state,
As best beseemd the daughter of a king
I neuer saw the shepheard vntil now,
How comes it then that he preserud thy life?
Ama. Once vvalkeing vvith *Segasto* in the woods,
Further then our accustomed maner vvas,

Right before vs downe a ſteepe fal hill,
A monſtrous vgly beare doth hie him faſt
To meete vs both, now whether this bee trewe,
I referre it to the cerdit of *Segaſto*.
Se. Moſt trew and like your maieſtie.
King. How then?
Ama. The beare being eager to obtaine his praie,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to ſwallow vs both at once,
The ſight whereof did make vs both to dread,
But ſpeciallie your daughter *Amadine*,
Who for I ſaw no ſuccour incident
But in *Segaſtoes* valour, I grew deſperate,
And he moſt cowardlike began to fly.
Left me diſtreſt to be deuourd of him,
How ſay you *Segaſto* is it not true?
K. His ſilence verifies it to be true, what then,
Ama. Then I amaſde diſtreſſed all alone,
Did hie me faſt to ſcape that vglie beare,
But all in vaine, for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft eſcape his pawes,
Till at the length this ſhepheard came,
And brought to me his head.
Come hither boy, loe heere it is, which I preſent vnto your maieſtie.
Ki. The ſlaughter of this beare deſerues great fame.
Se. The ſlaughter of a man deſerues greate blame.
King. Indeed occaſion oftentimes ſo falles out.
Se. Tremelio in the wars, *O King* preſerued thee, (me.
Ama. The ſhepheard in the woods o king preſerued
S. Tremelio fought when many men did yeeld.
Ama. So would the ſhepheard had he bin in field
Clo. So would my maiſter, had he not run away.

Se

So *Tremelioes* force saued thousands from the foe.

Ama. The shepheards force haue saued thousand, more.

Clo. Aye shipstickes, nothing else.

King. *Segasto* cease to accuse the shepheard,
His woorthynesse deserues a recompence,
All we are bound to doe the shepheard good:)die,
Shepheard, whereas it was my sentence, thou shouldst
So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.

Se. Thankes to your maistie.

King. But soft *Segasto*, not for this offence,
Long maist thou liue, and when the sisters shal decree
To cut in twaine the twisted thread of life,
Then let him die, for this I set thee free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.

Mu. Thankes to your maiestie.

King. Come daughter let vs now departe, to honour the worthy valour of the shepheard with our rewards.

Exeunt.

Clo. O mayster heare you, you haue made a freshe hand now you would be slowe you, why what will you doe nowe? you haue lost me a good occupation by the meanes, Faith maister now I cannot hang the shepheard, I pray you let me take the paines to hang you, it is but halfe an houres exercise.

Se. You are still in your knauery, but sith I cannot haue his life I will procure his banishment for euer. Come on sirra.

Clo. Yes forsooth I come laugh at him I pray you.

Exeunt

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Mu. From *Amadine* and from her fathers court,
With gold and siluer and vvith rich revvardes,

Flowing from the bankes of golden treſures,
More may I boaſt and ſay but I,
Was neuer ſhepheard in ſuch dignitie.

Enter the meſſengers and the clowne.

Meſſ. All hayle worthy ſhepheard.

Clo. All rayne lowſie ſhepheard.

Mu. Welcome my frindes, from whence come you;

Meſſ. The *King* and *Amadine* greetes thee well,
And after greetings done, bids thee depart the court,
ſhepheard begon.

Clo. Shepheard take lawe legs, flye away ſhepheard

Mu. Whoſe woordes are theſe? came theſe from *Amadine*?

Meſſ. Aye from *Amadine*.

Clo. Aye from *Amadine*?

Mu. Ah luckeleſſe fortune worſe then *Phaetons* tale,
My former bleſſe is now become my bale.

Clo. What wilt thou poyſon thy ſelfe?

Mu. My former heauen is now become my hell.

Clo. The worſt ale houſe that I euer came in, in al my life.

Mu. What ſhall I doe,

Clo. Euen goe hang thy ſelfe halfe an nower.

Mu. Can *Amadine* ſo churliſhly commaund,
To baniſh the ſhepheard from her Fathers court?

Meſſ. What ſhould ſhepheardes doe in the court.

Clo. What ſhould ſhepherdes doe amongſt vs, haue we not Lordes inough on vs in the courte?

Mu. Why ſhepheardes are men, and kinges are no more,

Meſſ. Shepheardes are men and maiſters ouer their flocke,

Clo. Thats a lie who payes them their wages then?

Mes. Well you are alwayes interrupting of me,
But you are beſt looke to him leaſt you hang for him
when he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clowne ſings.

Clo. And you ſhall hang for companie,
For leauing me alone.
Shepheard ſtand foorth and heare thy ſentence,
Shepheard begone within three dayes in payne of,
My diſpleaſure, ſhepheard begon, ſhepheard begon,
begon, begon, begon, ſhepheard, ſhepheard, ſhepheard
Exit.

Mu. And muſt I goe, and muſt I needs depart?
Ye goodly groues partakers of my ſonges,
In tyme tofore when fortune did not frowne,
Powre foorth your plaints and waile a while with me
And thou bright ſunne my comfort in the cold,
Hide, hide thy face and leaue me comfortleſſe,
Ye holſome herbes, and ſweete ſmelling ſauours,
Ye each thing els prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted courſe,
That I wanting your aide, in woefull ſort may die,

Enter Amadine.

Amat. Arima if any body aske for mee,
Make ſome excuſe till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segaſto* calls

Ama. Do thou the like to him, I mean not to ſtay long.

Mu. This voyce ſo ſweet my pining ſpirites reuiues

Ama. Shepheard, wel met, tel me how thou doeſt.

Mu. I linger life & yet wiſh for ſpeedy death

Ama. Shepheard, although thy baniſhment already be

decreed and all agaynſt thy will, yet *Amadine*.

Mu. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of baniſhment is death,
I double death to me, but ſince I muſt depart, one thing
I craue.

Ama. Say on with all my heart.

Mu. That in abſence either farre or neere.
You honoor me as ſeruant with your name.

Ama. Not ſo.

Mu. And vvhy?

Ama. I honour thee as ſoueraigne with my heart.

Mu. A ſhepheard and a ſoueraigne nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough where there is no diſlike.

Mu. Yet great diſlike or els no baniſhment.

Ama. Shepheard, it is onely *Segaſto* that procures thy
baniſhment.

Mu. Vnworthy wightes are moſt in ieloſie.

Ama. Would God they would free the from baniſh-
ment, or likewiſe baniſh mee.

Mu. Amen ſay I, to haue your companie.

Ama. Well ſhepheard, ſith thou ſuffereſt this for my
ſake, with thee in exile alſo let me liue.
On this condition ſhepheard thou canſt loue.

Mu. No longer loue no longer let me liue:

Ama. Of late I loued one indeed, now loue I none but
onely thee.

Mu. Thankes worthie princes I borne likewiſe,
Yet ſmother vp the blaſt,
I dare not promiſe what I may performe,

Ama. Well ſhepheard, harke what I ſhall ſay,
I will returne vnto my Fathers court.
Therefore to prouide me of ſuch neceſſaries,
As for our iourney I ſhall thinke moſt fit,
This being done I will returne to thee,

Doe

Doe thou therefore appoint the place where we may meete.

Mu. Downe in the valley where I ſlue the beare,
And there doth grow a faire broade branched beach,
That ouer ſhades a well, ſo who comes firſt
Let them abid the happie meeting of vs both.
How like you this?

Ama. I like it very wel.

Mu. Now if you pleaſe you may appoint the time,

Ama. Full three hours hence God willing, I will returne.

Mu. The thankes that *paris* gaue the grecian queene the like doth Mucedorus yeeld.

Ama. Then *Mucedorus* for threee howres farewell.

Exit

Mu. Your departure ladie breedes a priuie paine.

Exit.

Enter Segaſto ſolus.

Se. Tis well *Segaſto* that thou haſt thy will,
Shou'd ſuch a ſhhephard, ſuch a ſimple ſwaine
As he, eclips thy credite famous through the court.
No ply *Segaſto* ply, let it not in Arragon be ſaide,
A ſhephard hath *Segatoes* honour wonne.

Enter Mouſe the clowne caling his maiſter

Clo. What hoe maiſter will you come away; (ter?

Se. Will you come hither I pray you, whats the mat-

Clo. Why, is it not paſt a leauen a clock.

Se. How then ſir.

Clo. I pray you com away to dinner.

Se. I pray you come hither.

Clo. Heres ſuch a doe with you, wil you neuer come.

Se. I pray you ſir what newes of the meſſage I ſente you about,

Clo. I tell you all the meſſes be on the table alreadie,

There wants not ſo much as a meſſe of muſtard halfe an novver agoe.

Se. Come ſir, your minde is all vpon your belly. You haue forgotten vvhat I did bid you doe,

Clo. Faith I knovve nothing, but you bad me goe to breakefaſt.

Se. Was that all;

Clo. Faith I haue forgotten it, the verie ſent of the meate made me hath forget it quite.

Se. You haue forgotten the arrant I bid you doe.

Clo. What arrant, an arrant knaue, or arrant vvhore;

Se. Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee baniſh the ſhepheard.

Clo. O the ſhephards baſtard.

Se. I tell thee the ſhepheardes baniſhment.

Clo. I tel you the ſhepheards baſtard ſhalbe vvel kept ile looke to it my ſelfe elſe, but I pray you come avvay to dinner.

Se. Then you vvil not tell me vvhether you haue baniſhed him or noe.

Clo. Why I cannot ſay baniſhment and you vvould giue me a thouſand pounds to ſay ſo,

Se. Why you horſon ſlaue, haue you forgotten, that I ſent you, and another to driue avvay the ſhephard.

Clo. What, an aſſe are you. heers a ſturre in deede heeres meſſage, arrant, baniſhment, and I cannot tell what.

Se. I pray you ſir, ſhall I knovv vvhether you haue droue him avvay.

Clo. Faith I thinke I haue, and you vvill not beleeue me aske my ſtafe.

Se. Why can thy ſtaffe tell.

Clo. Why he vvas vvith me to.

Se

Se. Then happie I that haue obtaind my will.

Clo. And happier I, if you would goe to dinner.

Se. Come sirra, follow me:

Clo. I warrant you I will not loose an inch of you now you are going to dinner, I promise you I thought seauen yeare before I could get him away.

Exeunt.

Enter Amadine sola,

Ama. God grant my long delaie procures no harme
Nor this my tarrin g frustrate my pretence,
My *Mucedorus* surelie staies for me,
And thinks me ouer long, at length I come
My present promise to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme vnfained loue,
What is it which true loue dares not tempt
My fat' er he may make but I must match,
Segasto loues, but *Amadine* must like,
Where likes her best, compulsion is a thrall,
No, no, the heartie choise is all in all,
The shephards vertue *Amadine* esteemes.
But what me thinks my shephard is not come?
I muse at that, the hower is sure at hande,
Well here ile rest till *Mucedorus* come.

Shee sits her downe.

Enter Bremo looking about, hastily taketh hould of her.

Bremo. A hapie pray, now *Bremo* feede on flesh,
Dainties *Bremo* dainties thy hungry panch to fill,
Now glut thy greedie guts with luke warme blood,
Come fight with me, I long to see thee dead.

Ama How can she fight that weapons cannot weeld?

Bre: What canst not fight? then lie thou downe and die.

Ama. What must I die?

Bre. What needes theſe words. I thirſt to ſucke thy
Ama. Yet pittie me and let me liue a while. (bloud
Bre. No pittie I, ile feed vpon thy fleſh,
Ile teare thy bodie peecemeale ioynt from ioynt.
Ama. Ah now I want my ſhephards company.
Bre. ile cruſh thy bones betwixt tow oken trees.
Ama, Haſt ſhephard haſt or elſe thon com ſt to lat.
Bre. ile ſucke the ſweetnes from thy marie bones.
Ama. Ah ſpare ah ſpare to ſhed my guiltleſſe blood
Bre. With this my bat will I beate out thy braines
Down, down I ſay, proſtrate thy ſelfe vpon the ground
Ama, Then *Mucedorus* farevvel. my hoped ioies farevvel.
Yea farevvell life, and vvelcome preſent death,
Shee kneeles.
To thee O God I yeeld my dying ghoſt.
Bre. Novv *Bremo* play thy part,
Hovv novv vvhat ſudden chaunce is this.
My limmes do tremble and my ſinevves ſhake
My vnvveakned armes haue loſt their former force:
Ah *Bremo*, *Bremo*, vvhat a foyle haſt thou,
That yet at no time euer vvaſt afraide
To dare the greateſt gods to fight vvith thee, *he ſtrikes*
And novv vvant ſtrength for one dovvne driuing blovv
Ah hovv my courage failes vvhen I ſhould ſtrike,
Some newe come ſpirit abiding in my breaſt,
Shall I ſpare her *Bremo*, ſpare her, do not kill,
Say th ſpare her which neuer ſpared any?
To it *Bremo* to it, ſay againe,
I cannot weeld my weapons in my hand,
Me thinkes I ſhould not ſtrik ſo faire a one,
I thinke her beawtie hath bewitcht my force
Or elſe with in me altered natures courſe,
ay woman, wilt thou liue in woods with me;
Ama, Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in woodes,
Bre

Bre. Thou ſhalt not chuſe, it ſhalbe as I ſay & there fore follow me. *Exit.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Mu. It was my wil an hower a goe and more,
As was my promiſe for to make returne,
But other buſines hindred my pretence.
It is a world to ſee when man appoints,
And purpoſelie one certaine thing decrees
How manie things may hinder his intent.
What once would wiſh the ſame is fartheſt off:
But yet thappoynted time cannot be paſt,
Nor hath her preſence yet preuented wee,
Well heere ile ſtaie, and expect her comming.

They crie within, hould him, ſtaie him, holde

Mu. Some one or other is purſued no doubt
Perhaps ſome ſearch for me, tis good to doubt the
worſt, therefore ile begone. *Exit.*

Crie within hold him, hold him, Enter Mouſe the Clowne with a pot.

Clo. Hold him, hold him hold him, heers a ſtur in deed
Heere came hewe after the crier, and I was ſet cloſe
At mother Nips houſe, and there I calde for three
Pots of ale, as tis the manner of vs courtiers, now ſirra,
I had taken the maiden head of tow of them,
Now as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there
came hold him, hold him, now I coulde not tell
whome to catch hold on, but I am ſure I caught one
perchance a maie be in this pot, well ile ſee, mas I cannot ſee him yet, well ile looke a little further, mas he is a little ſlaue if a be heere, why heers no bodie, al this goes well yet: but if the olde trot ſhoulde come for her pot, I marrie theres the matter but I care not, ile face her out, and cal her ould ruſtie duſtie muſtie fuſtie cruſtie firebran, and worſe then al that, and ſo face her

out of her pot: but ſofte heere ſhe comes.

Enter the ould woman.

Oldwo. Come on you knawe wheres my pot you knaue?

Clo. Goe looke your pot, come not to me for your pot twere good for you.

Old. Thou lieſt thou knaue thou haſt my pot (ſay

Clo. You lie and you ſay it, I your pot, I know what ile

Old. Why what wilt thou ſay.

Clo. But ſay I haue him and thou darſte,

Olde: VVhy thou knaue. thou haſt not onelie my pot but my drinke vnpaide for.

Clo. You lie like an old I will not ſay whore.

Old, doſt thou cal me whore, ile cap thee my for pot.

Clo. Cap me & thou dareſt, ſearce me whether I haue it or no.

Shee ſearcheth him, and he drinketh ouer her head and caſts downe the pot, ſhe ſtumbleth at it, then they fal together by the eares, ſhe takes her pot and goes out. Exit.

Enter Segaſto

Se. How now ſirra, whats the matter,

Clo. Oh flies maiſter flies.

Se. Flies where are they?

Clo. Oh heere maiſter, all about your face.

Se. Why thou lieſt I think thou art mad. leaſt

Clo. Why maiſter, I haue kild a duncart ful at the

Se. Go to ſirra, leauing this idel talke giue eare to me.

Clo. How, giue you one of my eares? not & you were ten maiſters.

Se. Why ſir I bid you giue eare to my wordes,

Clo I tell you I will no be made a curtall for no mans pleaſure

Se. I tell thee attend what I ſay goe thy waies ſtraight and reare the whole towne. *Clo.*

Clo. How reare the towne euen goe your ſelfe, it is more then I can doe, why do e you thinke I can reare a towne, that can ſcarſe reare a pot of ale to my heade? I ſhould reare a towne ſhould I not;

Se, Goto the cunſtable and make a priuie ſearch, for the ſhephard is runne away with the Kings daughter.

Clo. How? is the ſhepheard run away with the kings daughter. or is the kings daughter runne away with the ſhepheard.

Se. I cannot tell, but they are both gon together

Clo. What a foole is ſhe to runne away with the ſhepheard, why I thinke I am a litle hanſomer man then the ſhepheard my ſelfe, but tel me maiſter, muſt I make a priuie ſearch, or ſearch in the priuie;

Se. why doſt thou thinke they will be there;

Clo. I cannot tell.

Se, Well then ſearch euerie where, leaue no place vnſearched for them, *Exit.*

Clo. Oh now am I in office, uow wil I to that old fil brāds houſe & wil not leaue one place vnſearched, nay ile to her ale ſtand & drink as long as I can ſtand, & when I haue done ile let out al the reſt, to ſe if he be not hid in the barrel, & I find him not there, ile to the cubord, ile not leaue one corner of her houſe vnſearched, ye faith ye old cruſt I wilbe with you now. *Exit.*

Enter Mucedorus to diſguiſe himſelfe.

Mu. Now *Mucedorus* whither wilt thou goe,
Home to thy father to thy natiue ſoile,
Or trie ſome long abode within theſe woods;
Well I will hence depart and hie me home,
What hie me home ſaid I? that may not be.
In *Amadine* reſts my felicitie

Then

Then *Mucedorus* do as thou didſt decree,
Attire thee hermite like, within theſe grouees,
Walke often to the beach and view the well.
Make ſettles there and ſeate thy ſelfe thereon,
And when thou feeleſt thy ſelfe to be a thriſt,
Then drinke a heartie draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt ſhe thinkes on thee,
And wil one day come pleg thee at this well:
Come habit thou art fit for me, *he diſguiſeth himſelfe:*
No ſhepheard now, a hermit I muſt be:
Me thinkes this fits me verie well,
Now muſt I learne to beare a walking ſtaffe,
And exerciſe ſome grauitie withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. Heers throw the wods, and throw the wods, to looke out a ſhepheard & a ſtray kings daugter, but ſoſte who haue we heere, what art thou?

Mu. I am an hermit.

Clo. An emmet, I neuer ſaw ſuch big emmet in all my life before.

Mu. I tel you ſir I am an hermit, one that leads a ſolitarie life within theſe woods.

Clo. O I know the now, thou art her that eates vp al the hips and hawes, we could not haue one peece of fat bacon for thee al this yeare.

Mu. Thou doſt miſtake me, but I pray thee tell mee what doſt thou ſeeke in theſe wood?

Clo. What doe I ſeeke, for a ſtray Kings daughter runne away with a ſhephard: (heaarde.

Mu. A ſtray Kings daughter runne away with a ſhep-Wherefore canſt thou tell?

Clo. Yes that I can, tis this, my maiſter and *Amadins* walking one day abrod, nearer to theſe woods then they wete vſed, about what I can not tell, but towarde them

them comes running a greate beare, now my maiſter he plaide the man and runne away, & *Amadine* crying after him: now ſir comes me a ſhepheard & ſtrikes off the beares head, now whether the bear wherē dead before or no I cannot tell for bring twentie beats before me and binde their hands & feete and ile kil them all: now euer ſince *Amadine* hath bin in loue with the ſhepheard, and for good wil ſhees euen runne away with the ſhiepheard.

Mu. What manner of man was a, canſt deſcribe him vnto mee;

Clo. Scrib him, aye I warrant you that I can, a was a littel, low, broad, tall, narrow, big wel fauoured fellow, a ierkin of whit cloath, and buttons of the ſame cloath.

Mu. Thou diſcribeſt him wel, but if I chaunce to ſeany ſuch, pray you wher ſhall I find you, or what's your name.

Clo. My name is called maiſter mouſe.

Mu. Oh maiſter mouſe, I pray you what office might you beare in the court?

Clo. Marry ſir I am a ruſher of the ſtable.

Mu. O vſher of the table.

Clo. Nay I ſay ruſher, and ile prooue mine office good, for looke ſir when any coms from vnder the ſea or ſo, and a dog chance to blow his noſe backewarde, then with a whip I giue him the good time of the day, and ſtrawe ruſhes preſently, therefore I am a ruſher, a hie office I promiſe ye.

Mu. But where ſhall I find you in the Courte?

Clo. Why where it is beſt being, either in the kitching a eating or in the butterie drinking: but if you come I will prouide for thee a peece of beefe & brewis knockle deepe in fat, pray you take paines remember maiſter mouſe. *Exit.*

Wil. Ay sir, I warrant I will not forget you.
Ah *Amadine*, what should become of the.
whither shouldst thou go so long vnknowne.
with watch and warde eche passage is beset,
So that she cannot long escape vnknowne:
Doubtlesse she hath lost her selfe within these woods
And wandring too and fro she seekes the vvell, (out
Which yet she cannot finde, therefore vvill I seek her,

Exit.

Enter Bremo and Amadine,

Bre. *Amadine*, hovv like you *Bremo* & his vvoodes?
Ama. As like the vvoods of *Bremoes* crueltie,
Though I vvere dombe and could not answver him,
The beastes themselues would with relenting teares
Bewaile thy sauage and vnhumaine deedes.
Bre. My loue, why dost thou murmur to thy selfe?
Speake lowder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.
Ama. My *Bremo*, no the shepheard is my loue.
Bre. Haue I not saued thee from sudden death,
Giuing thee leaue to liue that thou mightst loue?
And dost thou whet me on to crueltie,
Come kisse me swete for all my fauours past.
Am. I may not *Bremo* and therefore pardon me.
Bre. See how shee flings away from me;
I will follow and giue a rend to her,
Denie my loue, ah worme of beautie (block
I wil chastice the: com, com, prepare thy head vpon the
Ama. Oh spare me *Bremo* loue should limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of him selfe
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with blood,
Encounter with the lion or the beare,
And alike wolfe pray not vpon a lambe.
Bre. Why then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt loue me thou shalt be my queene,

I will

I will crowne thee with a complet made of Iuorie,
And make the roſe and lilly wait on thee,
Ile rend the burley braunches from the oke,
To ſhadow thee from buring ſunne,
The trees ſhall ſpred themſelues where thou doſt go,
And as they ſpread, ile trace along with thee,
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre: Thou ſhalt bee fed with quailes and partridges
With blacke birds, larkes, thruſhes and nightingales.
Thy drinke ſhall bee goates milke and chriſtal water,
Diſtilled from the fountaines & the cleareſt ſprings,
And all the dainties that the woods affordé.
Ile freely giue thee to obtaine thy loue.
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. The day ile ſpend to recreate my loue,
With all the pleaſures that I can deuiſe,
And in the night ile be thy bedfellow,
And loungly embrace thee in mine armes.
Ama. One may, ſo may not you. (the
Bre. The ſatyres & the woodnimphs ſhal attend on
And lull thee a ſleepe with muſickes ſounde,
And in the morning when thou doſt awake
The lark ſhall ſing good morne to my queene,
And whilſt he ſinges ile kiſſe my *Amadine*,
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Br. When thou art vp, the wood lanes ſhalbe ſtrawed
With violets, cowſlips and ſwete marigolds,
For thee to trampel and to trace vpon,
And I will teach thee how to kill the deare,
To chaſe the hart and how to rowſe the roe,
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour mee,
Ama. You may. for who but you?
Enter Mucedorus.
Bre. Welcom ſir, an howre ago I lookt for ſuch a geſt

Be merrie wench, weele haue a frollike feaſt,
Heeres fleſh inough for to ſuffiſe vs both,
Staie ſirra, wilt thou fight or doſt thou yeeld to die?

Mu. I want a weapon, how can I fight?

Bre. Thou wants a weapon, why then thou yeeldſt to die.

Mu. I ſay not ſo, I doe not yeeld to die.

Bre: Thou ſhalt not chooſe, I long to ſee thee dead

Ama: Yet ſpare him *Bremo* ſpare him

Bre: A way, I ſay, I will not ſpare him.

Mu. Yet giue me leaue to ſpeake.

Bre, Thou ſhalt not ſpeake,

Ama. Yet giue him leaue to ſpeake for my ſake.

Bre: Speake on, but be not ouer long.

Mu: In time of yore when men like brutiſh beaſts
Did lead their liues in loathſom celles and woodes,
And wholy gaue themſelues to witleſſe will,
A rude vnruly rout, then man to man became
A preſent praie, then might preuailed,
The weakſt went to walles,
Right was vnknowen, for wrong was all in all,
As men thus liued in his great outrage,
Behould one *Orpheus* came as poets tell,
And them from rudenes vnto reaſon brought,
Who led by reaſon ſon ſome forſooke the woods,
Inſtead of caues they built them caſtles ſtrong,
Cities and townes were founded by them then,
Glad wre they, they found ſuch eaſe,
And in the end they grew to perfect amitie,
Waying their former wickednesſe,
They tearmd the time wherein they liued then
A golden age, a goodly golden age.
Now Bremo, for ſo I heare thee called.

If men which liued tofore as thou doſt now,
Wilie in wood, addicted all to ſpoile,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes,
Let me like *Orpheus* cauſe thee to returne
From murder, bloudſhed and like cruelrie,
What ſhould we fight befor we haue a cauſe
No, lets liue and loue together faithfully.
Ile fight for thee.

Bre, Fight forme or die, or fight or els thou dieſt.

Ama. hold *Bremo* hold,

Bre, Away I ſay, thou troubleſt mee,

Ama. You promiſed me to make me your queenne.

Bre. I did, I meane no leſſ.

Ama. You promiſed that I ſhould haue my wil,

Bre., I did I meane no leſſe. (both:

Amr. Then ſaue this hermits life, for he may ſaue vs

B. At hy requeſt ile ſpare him, but neuer any after him
Say hermit what canſt thou doe?

Mu. Ile waite on thee, ſomtime vpon the queene, ſuch ſeruice ſhalt thou ſhortly haue as Bremo neuer had. *Exnne*

Enter Segaſto, the Clowne and Rumbelo.

Se. Come ſirs what ſhall I neuer haue you finde out *Amadine* and the ſhepheard)

Clo. And I haue bin through the woods, and through the woods, and could ſee nothing but an emet.

R. Why I ſee thouſand emets, thou meaneſt a little one,

Clo. Nay that emet that I ſaw was bigger then thou art

R. Bigger then I what a foole haue you to your man, I pray you maiſter turne him away?

Se. But doſt thou heare, was he not a man.

Clo. thinke he was, for he ſaide he did lead a ſalt-ſeller life about the woods.

Se. Then wouldeſt ſay a ſolitarie life about the woods

Clo. I thinke it was so indeed.

R. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clo. Thou art a wise man, why he did nothing but sleepe since he went

Se. But tell me Mouse, how did he goe;

Clo. In a whit gowne and a whit hat on his head, and a staffe in his hande.

Se. I thought so, it was a hermit that walked a solitarie life in the woods.

Se. Well, get you to dinner, and after neuer leaue seeking til you bring some newes of them, or ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clo. How now Rombelo, what shall we do now;

R. Faith ile home to dinner, and afterwarde to sleep.

Clo. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

R. Faith I care not, for I know I shal neuer fiind them wel ile once more abroad, & if I cannot find them, ile neuer come home againe.

Clo. I tel thee what Rombelo, thou shalt go in at one end of the wood and I at the other, and wee wil meete both together at the midst.

R. Content, lets awaie to dinner.

Exeunt.

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Mu: Vnknowne to any heere within these woods
With bloodie Bremo do I lead my life,
The monster he doth murther all he meets,
He spareth none and none doth him escape,
Who would continue, vvho but onely I
In such a cruell cutthroates company.
Yet *Amadine* is there hovv can I choose:
Ah sillie soule hovv often times she sits

And ſighes, and cals come ſhepheard come,
Svveete *Mucedorus*, come and ſet me free,
When *Mucedorus* peſent ſtandes her by:
But here ſhe comes, vvhat nevves faire Ladie as you
vvalke theſe vvoods.

Enter Amadine. vveſt.

Ama. Ah hermit, none but bad & ſuch as thou kno-
Mu. Hovv doe you like your *Bremo* and his vvoods;
Ama. Not my *Bremo* nor his *Bremo* vvoods;
Mu. And vvhy, not yours, me thinks he loues you vvel
Ama. I like him not, his loue to me is nothing vvroth
Mu. Ladie, in this methinkes you offer vvrong,
To hate the man that euer loues you beſt.
Ama. Ah hermit, I take no, pleaſure in his loue,
Neither yet doth *Bremo* like me beſt.
Mu. pardon my boldnes faire ladie, ſith vve both
May ſafely talke novv out of *Bremos* ſight,
Vnfould to me if ſo you pleaſe, the full diſcourſe
Hovv, vvhen and vvhy you came into theſe vvoods,
And fell into this blodie burchers hands. (you
Ama. Hermit I vvil, of late a vvorthie ſhepheard I did
loue.
Mu. A ſhepharddlady, ſure a man vnfit to match vvith
Ama. Hermit this is true, and vvhen vve had.
Mu. , Staie there, the vvild men comes
Referre the reſt vntill another time.

Enter Bremo. (heere;

What ſecret tale is this, vvhat vvhiſpering haue vvee
Villaine I charge the tell thy tale againe,
Mu. I needes I muſt, loe here it is againe,
When as vve both had loſt the ſight of thee
It greeud vs both, but ſpecially thy queene,
Who in thy abſence euer feares the vvorſt,
Leaſt ſome miſehance befal your royrll grace.

Shall my ſweete Bremo wander through the woods.
Toile to and fro for to redreſſe my want,
Hazard his life and all to cheriſhe me,
I like not this quoth ſhe
And thereupon craude to know of me
If I coulde teach her handle weapons well.
My aunſwerh was I had ſmall skill therein,
But gladmoſt mightie king to learne of thee.
And this was all.

Bre. Whaſt ſo, none can diſlike of this,
Ile teach you both to fight, but firſt my queene begin,
Here take this weapon, ſee how thou canſt vſe it.

Ama. This is to big, I cannot weeld it in my arme.

Bre. Iſt ſo, weele haue a knotty crabtree ſtaffe for thee:
But ſirra tell me, what ſaiſt thou.

Mu. With all my heart I willing am to learne.

Bre. Then take my ſtafe & ſee how canſt weeld it.

Mu. Firſt teach me how to hold it in my hand.

Bre. Thou houldeſt it well, looke how he doth thou maiſt the ſooner learne.

Mu. Next tell me how and when tis beſt to ſtrike.

Bre. Tis beſt to ſtrike when time doth ſerue, tis beſt to looſe no time.

Mu. Then now or neuer is my time to ſtrike.

Bre. And vvhen thou ſtrikeſt, be ſure thou hit the head

Mu. The head;

Bre. The verie heade. *he ſtriks him downe deade*

Mu. Then haue at thine, ſo lie there and die,
A death no dout acording to deſert.
Or elſe a vvorſe as thou deſerueſt a vvorſe.

Ama. It glads my heart this tirants death to ſee.

Mu. Novv ladie it remaines in you to end the tale you latelie had begunne, being enterrupted by this vvicked vvight.

You.

You ſaid you loued a ſhepheard.

Ama. I ſo I doe, and none but only him.
And will do ſtil as long as life ſhall laſt

Mu. But tell me ladie, ſith I ſet you free,
What courſe of life do you intend to take?

Ama. I wil diſguiſed wander through the world
Til I haue found him out,

Mu. How if you find your ſhepheard in theſe woods:

Ama. Ah none ſo happie then as *Amadine*.

He diſguiſeth himſelfe.

Mu. In tract of time a man may alter much,
Say Ladie doe you know your ſhepheard well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus* hath he ſet me free?

Mucedorus he hath ſet thee free.

Ama. And liued ſo long vnknowne to *Amadine*.

Mu. Ay thats a queſtion where of you may not be reſolued,
You know that I am baniſht from the court,
I know likewiſe each paſſage is beſet,
So that we cannot long eſcape vnknowne,
Therefore my will is this, that we returne
Right throught the thickets to the wild mans caue:
And there a while liue on his prouiſion,
Vntil the ſearch and narrow watch be paſt.
This is my counſel, and I thinke it beſt.

Ama I thinke the verie ſame.

Mu. Come lets begone.

The Clowne ſearches and fals ouer the wild man and ſo carry him away.

Clo. Nay ſoft ſir are you heere. abots on you,
I was like to behanged for not finding you,
We would borrow a certaine ſtray kings daughter of you, a wench, a wence ſir we would haue.

Mu. A wench of me ile make the eate my ſword.

Clo. Oh Lord, nay and you are ſo luſtie Ile cal a cooling card for you, ho maiſter, maiſter come away quick lie.

Enter Segaſto.

Se. Whats the matter;

Cl. Looke maiſter, *Amadine* & the ſhepheard, oh braue

Se. What minion, haue I found you out;

Clo. Nay thats a lie, I found her out my ſelfe.

Se. Thou gadding huſwife, what cauſe hadſt thou to gad abroade,
When as thou knoweſt our wedding day ſo nie?

Ama. Not ſo *Segaſto*, no ſuch thing in hand,
ſhew your aſſurance, then ile anſwere you.

Se. Thy fathers promiſe my aſſurance is.

Ama. But what he promiſt he hath not performde.

Se. It reſts in thee for to performe the ſame:

Ama. Not I.

Se. And why;

Ama. So is my will and therefore euen ſo.

Clo. Maiſter with a none, none noe.

Se. A wicked villant art thou here?

Mu. What needes theſe wordes we way them not?

Se. We way them not proud ſhepheard, I skorne thy companie.

Clo. Weele not haue a corner of thy companie.

Mu. I ſcorne not thee, nor yet the leaſt of thine.

Clo. Thats a lie, a would haue kild me with his pugs nondo.

Se. This ſtoutneſſe *Amadine* contents me not.

Ama. Then ſeeke an other that may you better pleaſe

Mu. Well *Amadine*, it onelie reſts in thee
Without delay to make thy choiſe of three,
There ſtands *Segaſto*, here a ſhepheard ſtands,
There ſtands the third, now make thy choiſe,

Clo.

Clo. A Lord at the leaſt I am.

Am. My choiſe is made, for I will none but thee.

Se, A worthy mate no doubt for ſuch a wife.

Mu. And *Amadine*, why wilt thou none but me?
I cannot keepe thee as thy father did,
I haue no landes for to maintaine thy ſtate.
Moreouer if thou meane to be my wife,
Commonly this muſt be thy vſe,
To bed at midnight, vp at fowre,
Drudge all daie and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our dailie vittel for to winne:
And laſt of all which is the worſt of all,
No princes then but plaine a ſhepheards wife.

Clo. Then god ge you god morrow goody ſhepheard

Ama. It ſhall not neede if *Amadine* do liue,
Thou ſhalt be crowned king of *Arragon*,

Clo. Oh maiſter laugh, when hees King then ile be a queene.

Mu. Then know that which nere tofore was known
I am no ſhepheard, no Arragonian I,
But borne of Royall blood, my fathers of Valentia
King, my mother qneene, who for thy ſecret ſake
Tooke this hard task in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy my fortune is ſo good,

Se. Well now I ſee, *Segaſto* ſhall not ſpeede
But *Mucedorus*, I as much do ioy
To ſee thee here within our Court of Arragon,
As if a kingdome had befalne me this time,
I with my heart ſurrender it to thee.

He giueth her vnto him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

Col. What barnes doore and borne where my fathe[r]

Was cunſtable. a bots on thee, how doſt thee.
Mu, Thanks *Segaſto*, but yet you leueld at the crowne.
Clo. Maiſter beare this and beare all.
Se. Why ſo ſir.
Clo. He ſees ſees you take a gooſe by the crowne.
Se. Go to ſir, away, poſt you to the king,
Whoſe hart is fraught with carefull doubts,
Glad him vp and tell him theſe good newes,
And we will follow as faſt as we may.
Clo, I goe maiſter, I runne maiſter. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collen

K. Break heart and end my paled woes,
My amadine the comfort of my life,
How can I ioy except ſhe were in ſight.
Her abſence breedes ſorrow to my ſoule
And with a thunder breakes my heart in twaine.
Clo. Forbeare thoſe paſſions gentle King,
And you ſhall ſee twill turne vnto the beſt,
And bring your ſoule to quiet and to ioie.
K. Such ioie as death, I do aſſure me that,
And naught but death, vnleſſe of her I heare,
And that with ſpeede, I cannot ſigh thus long
But what a tumult doe I heare within.
The crie within ioie and happineſſe.
Clo. I heare a noyſe of ouer-paſſing ioie

Within the court, my Lord be of good comfort.
And heere comes one in haſt,
Enter the Clowne running.
Clo. A King, a King, a King.
Col. Vh hy how now ſirra, whats the matter?
Clo. Otis nevves for a king'tis vvoorth money.

King

K. Why firra, thou ſhalt haue ſiluer and gold if it bee good.

Clo. Otis good, tis good, *Amadine.*

K. Oh what of her, tell me? & I will make thee a knight

Clo. How a ſpirit? no by ladie, I will not be a ſpirit, Maiſters get ye away, if I be a ſpirrit, I ſhall be ſo leane I ſhall make you all afraide.

Cob Thou ſot, the King meanes to make thee a gentleman.

Clo. Why I ſhall want parrell.

King. Thou ſhalt want for nothing.

Clo. Then ſtand away, trick vp thy ſelfe, heere they come.

Enter Segaſto Mucedorus and Amadins.

Ama. My gratious father pardon thy diſloyal daughter

K. What do mine eies be hould my daughter *Amadine* Riſe vp dere daughter & let theſe my embraſing armes Shew ſome token of thy father ioie,
Which euer ſince thy departure hath lauguiſhed in ſorrow:

Mu. Deare father, neuer were your ſorrows Greater then my griefes,
Neuer you ſo deloate as I comfortleſſe,
Yet neuertheleſſe acknowledging my ſelfe To be the cauſe of both, on bended knees I humblie craue your pardon.

King. I le pardon thee deare daughter: but as for him.

Ama. Ah father what of him,

King Aſſure as I am a king, and weare the crowne, I will reuenge on that accurſed wretch.

Mu. Yet worthy prince worke not thy will in wrath ſhew fauour.

K. I, such fauour as thou deseruest.
Mu. I do deserue the daughter of a king.
K. Oh impudent, a shepheard and so insolent.
Mu. No shepheard I, but a worthy prince.
King. In farre conceit, not princelie borne.
Mu. Yes princely borne my father is a king.
My mother Queene, and of Valentia both,
K. What *Mucedorus*, welcome to our court,
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguisde?
Mu. No cause to feare, I caused no offence,
But this desiring thy daughters vertues for to see
Disguised my selfe from out my fathers court,
Vnknowen to any in secret I did rest,
And passed many troubles neere to death,
So hath your daughter my partaker bin,
As you shall know heereafter more at large,
Desiring you, you will giue her to mee,
Euen as mine owne and soueraigne of my life
Then shall I thinke my trauels are wel spent.
King. With all my heart: but this.
Segasto claimes my promise made to fore,
That he should haue her as his onely wife,
Before my counsel when we came from war
Segasto, may I craue thee let it passe.
And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*;
Se. With all my heart, were it far a greater thing,
And what I may to furnish vp there rites,
With pleasing sports and pastimes you shall see.
King. Thankes good *Segasto*, I will thinke of this.
Mu. Thankes good my Lord, & while I liue
Account of me in what I can or maie.
Ama. And good *Segasto* these great curtesies
Shall not be forgot.
Clo. Why harke you maister, bones what haue you done?

What

What giuen away the wench you made me ta ke ſuch paines for, you are wiſe indeed, mas and I had knowne of that I would haue had her my ſelfe. faith maſter now wee māie goe to breakefaſt with a woodcoke pie.

Se. Goe ſir you were beſt leaue this knauerie-

K. Come on my Lordes, lets now to court
Where we may finiſh vp the ioyfulleſt daie
That euer hapt to a diſtreſſed King,
With mirth and ioy and greate ſolemnitie,
Weele finiſh vp theſe hymens rightes moſt pleaſant lie,

Clo. Hoe Lordes at the firſt, I am one to, but heare maiſter King by yout leaue a caſt, now you haue done with them, I praie you begin with me.

K. Why what wouldeſt thou haue;

Clo. O you forgot, now, a little apparrell to makes handſome what ſhould Lordes goe ſo beggerlie as I do?

K. What I did promiſe thee, I will performe, attende on mee, come lets depart.

They all ſpeake.

Weele waite on you with all our hearts.

Clo. And with a peece of my liuer to.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedie and Enuie.

Comedie. How now *Enuie*, what bluſheſt thou all readie,
Peepe forth, hide not thy head with ſhame,
But with a courage praiſe a womans deeds,
Thy threates were vaine, thou couldſt doe me no hurt
Although thou ſeemeſt to croſſe me with deſpite,

Iouerwhelmde, and turnde vpside downe thy block e
And made thy selfe to stumble at the same,
En. Though stumbled yet not ouerthrowne,
Thou canst not draw my heart to mildenesse,
Yet must I needes confesse thou hast don well,
And plaide thy part with merth and pleasant glee:
Saie all this, yet canst thou not conquer mee,
Although this time thou hast got yet not the conquest
neither.
A double reuenge another time ile haue:
Co. Then caitife cursed, stoope vpon thy knee,
Yeelde to a woman, though not to mee,
And pray we both togither with our hearts,
That she thrice Nestors yeares may with vs rest,
And from her foes high God defend her still,
That they against her may neuer wooke thir will.
En. *Enuie* were he neuer so stoute
Would becke and bowe vnto her maiestie,
Indeede *Comedie* thou hast ouerrunne me now,
And forst me stoope vn to a womans swaie.
God grant her grace amongest vs long may raigne,
And those that would not haue it soe,
Would that by enuie soone their heartes they might
forgoe.
Co. The Counsell, Noble, and this Realme,
Lord guide it still with thy most holy hand,
The Commons and the subiectes grant them grace,
Their prince to serue, her to obey, & treason to deface:
Long maie she raine, in ioy and greate felicitie,
Each Christian heart do saie amen with me,

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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